

WHEN Mr. Dulles said that the United States was not going to force nuclear weapons on anyone who didn't want them he seems to have forgotten what nuclear weapons are, ultimately, for.



PROFESSOR SINGER, of Maryland University, suggests that a glowing low-level satellite should be launched during Christmas week as a symbol of peace



and goodwill. It would certainly be followed with interest by a number of wise men in the East.



THE new rules for the Spanish Cortes may give Deputies facilities for Parliamentary questions to Ministers. Considering that the Deputies "get about £10 a week" one need have no hesitation in predicting what the first one will be.



ABC TV plans to maintain a unit which will anticipate likely events, "earthquakes, assassinations, aeroplane crashes, epidemics and similar manifestations of a hostile universe." They refuse to be put off by pessimists saying they are hoping for too much.



IT is lucky for the Civil Service unions that they are insured to official language. Anyone else, threatened with a spread of the "go-slow" from the hospitals at one end and government-

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CHARIVARIA

enforced "reduction of activities" at the other, would be in doubt about which was which, let alone where he stood.



Only one thing in the Treasury statement strikes a clear and familiar note "... the Government are looked to as a source of cash."



THIS idea of symptoms of industrial disease spreading from one union to another will make a pleasant change in the Labour scene, particularly if it happens to the National Federation of Sub-Postmasters' threat to undercharge or NALGO's call for a monthly half-hour of silence.



MORE sinister are the National Union of Bank Employees' fashion parades and hair-dressing demonstrations, held to convince women members that trade unionism is an attractive proposition. And, as a side-product, to mould a solid body of opinion in favour of an early wage-claim.



WITH a Chinese woman athlete clearing 5 ft. 9½ inches in the high



jump, a record number of sunspots recorded, and the first submarine to circumnavigate the globe on its way

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home, November must have set enthusiasts wondering whether it can claim a record diversity of records.



PUBLIC bodies are wise to prepare for popular reaction against the slogans of to-day. Even so, the Warwickshire County Planning Department may have over-anticipated in their claim that they have "prevented the building of forty-seven thousand houses."



WHEN Sir de Villiers Graaff described part of the South African Government's economic policy as "a racially inflamed red herring," he at least solved the problem of talking in suitably vivid terms about the colour question.



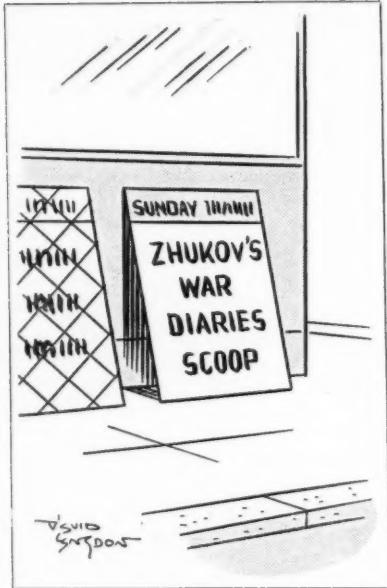
COMPLAINING, *inter alia*, that pylons spoiled likely sites for filming *Macbeth* in Scotland, Sir Laurence Olivier says he may have to do it elsewhere. Surely there are ways round difficulties like



this, modern dress for instance. It is hard to think that the search would have been abandoned so easily if it had been a question of filming, say, *The Tempest* in Bermuda.



SOUTH UIST
IN the lone shieling by the rocket ranges
£3 a week seems meagre as it sounds.
Few crofters care how noisily we test
The haunted, golden ocean to the West.
They curse in Gaelic, though, when
London changes
Its mind on spending £20,000,000.



Left Hook to the Bookstalls

SILENT the tanks in the desert,
Bloodless the Sangro stream,
Departed the guns from the *bocage*:
But Monty has one more dream.

In the footsteps of Horrocks and Kennedy,
Where Alanbrooke trod, and Slim,
A corner remains in the market
Which the Marshal sees ready for him.

With his anecdotes massed for battle
(But eschewing all politics)
He'll launch a volume of memoirs
That will knock the critics for six.

You may talk of Falaise and Aachen,
Of Mareth and Alamein,
But the victor of Rommel and Rundstedt
Now faces his stiffest campaign.

May the fortune he knew in those battles
Sustain him again in his next,
When the Service experts of Fleet Street
Get their envious hands on his text.

And may the historians chronicle,
When he's in Elysian climes,
That his last, most illustrious victory
Was won in the *Sunday Times*.
B. A. Y.

BIRTHS
CALDECOTT.—On Nov. 25, 1957, eighteen years too late, to CYNTHIA (*née Truscott*), wife of ROBERT CALDECOTT.—a daughter.

DEATHS
DARBISHIRE.—On Nov. 15, 1957, suddenly on reading the announcement from Buckingham Palace, CELIA, DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF DARBISHIRE, aged 87.

IN MEMORIAM
DEBUTANTE.—In proud and everlasting memory of our darling gel.
"Unhappy the country which boasts no curtsy."

MOTOR CARS
FOR SALE
New cars, ex-Works, ordered for use after next summer, but no longer required and available for immediate delivery:

DAIMLER "Conquest" Saloon.
MERCEDES-BENZ 220 "S" Saloon.
JAGUAR Mark VIII Saloon.
COOKLANDS—309 New Bond Street, London, W.I.—COOKLANDS.
"Cars Fit for the Palace."

FOR HIRE
Drive or Be Driven
TOOTES
Car Hire
After next year we will have more luxury cars available for hire than ever before.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
PRESENTABLE young ladies can still be given presents. For the most presentable presents, call at Tappin and Deb, Regent Street, W.1.

JUST THE PRESENT for your younger daughters. Chudlow's "Guide to Modern Etiquette," with a new chapter on "What to Wear and How to Behave at a Royal Garden Party." Price 31s. From Barrod's Bookshop.

OSTRICH FEATHERS. Give your granddaughter a taste of what you were lucky enough to enjoy. Ostrich feathers, made into Rock 'n' Roll jeans and shirts, will prevent her from feeling deprived. From Peter Smith, Sloane Square.

THE CHRISTMAS, 1958, number of *The T*stl*r*, will be bound in black satin, and will contain farewell tributes to the débutante, contributed by James Laver, Roger Fulford and William Hickey, and a special series of portraits by Simon Elwes. You should order your copy now.

FOR THE EPICURE
FATHERS. You will now have more to spend on yourself. Let us send you our list of wines imported by ourselves. Travers & Co., Cheapside, E.C.2.

PERSONAL

"... O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids ..." —Song of Solomon i, 8.

LADY MASHER and her daughters, Sue, Charlotte, Ann, Antonia, Teresa, Henrietta, Lavinia and Sarah, thank all their friends for their kind letters on their unexpected bereavement.

YOUNG MAN, used to travelling about London, will be free, after next year, to travel anywhere. Has been entrusted with the most delicate tasks, and has proved ability to resist both temptations and importunings.—Write Box Z. 4478, The Times, E.C.4.

THEY STILL curtsy in the Kremlin and Mr. Khrushchev likes it, according to the Rev. Donald Toper, who has recently been there. Lady Mincing will therefore continue her classes after 1958. Terms arranged privately.

WORRIED about your prospects after 1958? The May Fair Matrimonial Agency will help you. Seek our advice now, before the 1959 rush begins. No young lady has ever remained on our books for as long as a Season.

LADY willing to chaperon young ladies to the May Fair Matrimonial Agency. Write Box A. 553, The Times, E.C.4.

FIRST EDITION of *The British Social Register* will be published in the spring of 1959. This will be the new guide to the Top 200 People after 1958. Applications for inclusion should be addressed to the Editor, c/o Gutteridge & Co., Breams Buildings, W.C.2, by July 31, 1958.

LADY willing to forward your application to the Editor of *The British Social Register*, with a personal recommendation for inclusion.—Write Box Y. 5824, The Times, E.C.4.

TRAfalgar Square Amenities Preservation Society. Emergency meeting will be held on December 9, 1957, to decide who should be thrown in the bowls of the fountains after next year.

PERFECT dress for a Garden Party, rain or shine. It is just another way in which Foss Bros., of Covent Garden, keep abreast with the times.

YOU CAN still be conspicuous, even among 4,000. Lady of aristocratic breeding can teach you how to face, and outface, democracy. Write Box Z. 6782, The Times, E.C.4.

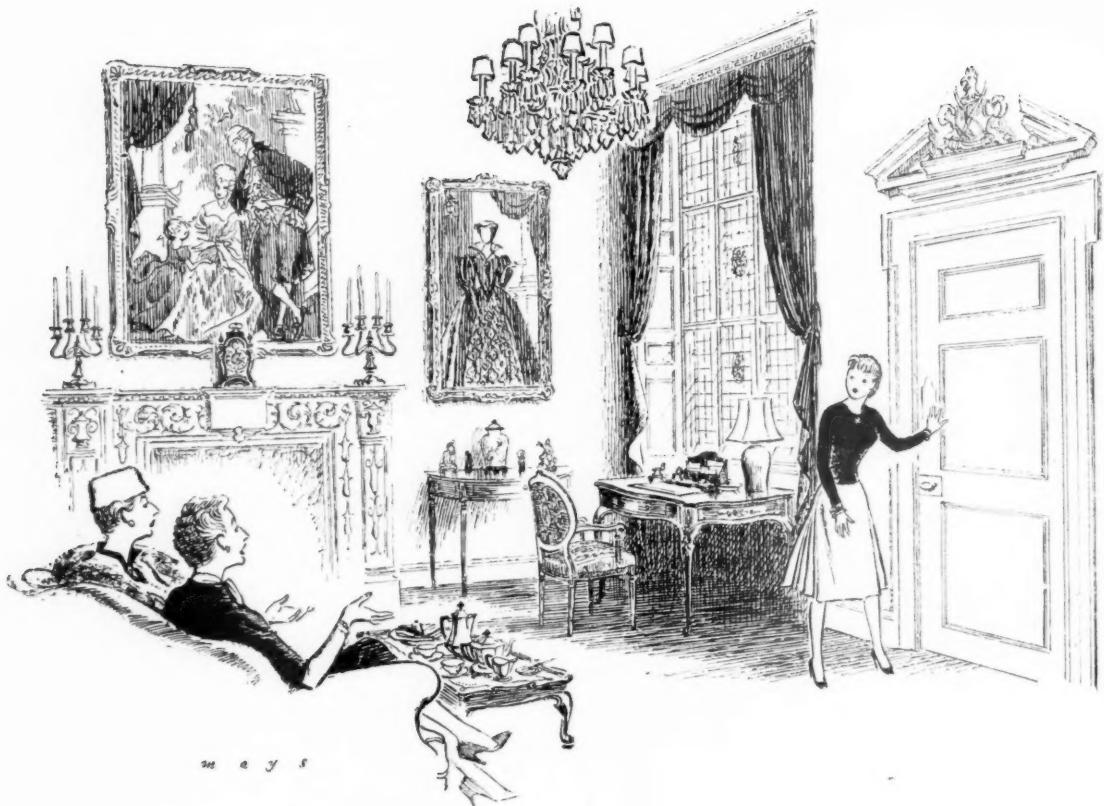
IF YOU CANNOT be presented at Court, be presented in a foyer. Why not become a variety artist?—Write to the Variety Artists Drama School, Hill End Rise, South Ealing.

FLEET STREET social columnist, now seeking work, May to September.—Write Box A. 5831, The Times, E.C.4.

HENRY FAIRLIE



ILLINGWORTH



"Curtsy to your aunt, Virginia; no point in entirely wasting what we've paid to learn."

More Notes on American Education

I ARRIVED at the American university where I was to teach English a day or two before term started. The Fulbright labels hung from my suitcases. I went to the English Building and found the faculty playing a kind of basketball with round balls of paper and a waste-basket placed on top of a bookcase. A tournament was beginning which was to run throughout the year (by the end of which my team—"The Gentlemen"—was fourth). I was also invited to a party, given by the Head of the Department, at which all the teachers were to be introduced to one another. However, as there were more than a hundred teachers in the English Department the party had to be split

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

up into sections, like the *London Telephone Directory*—A to D, and so on.

The Head of the Department lived in a large ranch-house just out of town. When we arrived he stood in the doorway, in a butcher's apron, greeting us, asking our names and pinning tags on our lapels, giving our names, our degrees, with the institution and date, and a short list of our publications. We then passed into a large room, lit by great American table-lamps, thronged with people circulating like the bloodstream. Swarms of crane flies accompanied us into the drawing-room; we tried to pretend they weren't with our party.

The people swayed back and forth. There were dreamy old ladies who taught children's literature, men with long hair and tennis shoes who were resident poets, ten Milton specialists, four experts on the Metaphysicals, even two Swinburne men. One of the Spenser specialists stood out on the patio preventing people from falling into the barbecue pit and skewering themselves on the spit. Crane flies nested in our hair. Everyone was going around with one eye low down, reading the tags on the lapels. Some of the women looked rather red. A rigid caste system operated; associate professors didn't talk too much to assistant professors; the real division, however, was between

those who had tenure and those who didn't. I didn't, but being English made up somewhat for it. The system was most rigidly applied by the faculty wives, who stood in a bunch in the corner. "This one's brainy," I heard one presiding harridan say to the wife of a new teacher. "Why is it that intelligent girls are never pretty as well?" I kept trying to talk to people but it was obviously considered rude to settle for more than a few seconds. I got tired of this and lay down behind a couch for a while.

Presently someone asked for silence and said that the Head of the Department was going to speak. He introduced him saying that he was "not only a great scholar but a great American." We all sat down tailor-fashion on the floor, and the great man appeared—framed in a serving hatch. It was a curiously effective podium. He smiled and said: "First of all I want to say 'hi' to everybody, old friends and new ones." A few people said "hi" back at him. "Folks," he went on, "in these times students don't realize how important English is. Now we know that, following Wittgenstein, a sense of the resources of our own language is fundamental in defining the area not only of our thoughts but of our emotions and responses. We know that, but those students, they don't know that. We have to sell these guys on the importance of knowing English. The big corporations nowadays want executives who can write real good business letters, men who've studied Sapir and Hayakawa. I really think, and I hope you think with me, because I know darn well some don't, that in English we've got something that's really *worth* selling." Cigarette smoke eddied across the room as he talked. Feet were shuffled. He went on to define some fundamental axioms of teaching as he saw it: avoid intellectual arrogance, never criticize another teacher to a student, don't smoke in wooden buildings. Gifts of money should not be accepted in exchange for favours. Teachers should not light out for Chicago for a two-week razzle without arranging for someone to meet their classes. If teachers were attacked by a member, or members, of their class, they should report it to the Dean of Studies, even if they were not wounded. He then had us all stand up, one by one,

and state our names, our degrees and a list of our publications. (The only way to hold down an American academic post is to keep getting more degrees, and publishing in learned journals, and situations like this are devised simply to keep academics on the hop.) Here you spotted the real geniuses: the boys of nineteen who had already published in *P.M.L.A.*, the men with Ph.D.s from four universities. One spotted too the bright young Jewish boys from New York, the Trilling men, who specialized in ideas ("*Pride and Prejudice* is a fertility myth"). But excuse me a minute . . .

At this moment in my story there is a mysterious pause. It is time passing. You see me now, six months later, sitting in my office, writing off-the-cuff

vers libre. I have grown older and wiser. Old cells in my body have died, to be replaced by new ones. We have all settled down; I have been teaching for one whole semester, and now a new one is beginning. An angry student comes in. "Say, look," says this student, "are you going to expect me to think, like my last teacher did?" I say that I am. We are both embarrassed; we both know this isn't fair. What has happened is that this student has had, in succession, two teachers of the same kind. One of the things that you learn after six months is that there are two kinds of teacher, and, so to speak, two universities. Some teachers expected their students to think, some didn't; it depended rather on how well they were adjusted to American society. Those



"And after they've automated and electronically sorted the standard-sized code-addressed mail, guess who's going to have to deliver 'em?"



who were well-adjusted thought of the university as providing education for American life, which meant teaching students how to influence friends and win people. The job of the university was to fit in with the society; the academic was just a business-man *manqué*. Universities were not havens for misfits, nonconformists or the congenitally bright; they were a training ground for the unexceptional job-hunting many. The people who thought this were the administrators (if you went on a campus and threw a stone you would hit an administrator, so many are there), the scientists and technologists, and the fringe-subject people—teachers of business, physical education, social dancing and skin-diving. They were in open warfare with the other group, whose viewpoint was that universities were liberal arts colleges for the intelligent few. These people were the intellectuals, whom everyone distrusted. They tended to be nudists and free-thinkers as well; they bought English shoes by mail-order from New York; they believed in at the most one God and prayed To Whom It May Concern.* Their homes were post-Veblen; they lived by the new

*This last point was given me by Professor Howard Higman, of the University of Colorado, who has made special study of this group.

inconspicuous inconsumption. Sometimes they made their own furniture out of bits of wood; their bookcases were always planks and a few bricks; they had contemporary chairs, made out of canvas and metal for people with two heads. But they had expensive books and hi-fi equipment. (It was the conflict between these two groups that prevented any effective university protest against McCarthy.)

The students were, of course, well aware of the conflict. They were always coming into my office and asking to be changed to other teachers because they marked more easily. I used to go red and pull my ear. They'd come in and say: "Look, Mr. Bradbury, there must be something wrong with your teaching because you've taught me all this time and my marks aren't getting any better." I thought this one was very ingenious. There was one student, a fat youth with words written all over his sweater, who was in my office all the time, complaining about his grades. He kept a packet of cigarettes in my desk. He said he'd tried everything: he'd take first one viewpoint, then the opposite, then he'd try having someone else write his essays, then turn in essays that had got good grades in another class. And still I wasn't satisfied. Worst of all, however, were the fraternity presidents, who always wore expensive ties and insisted on shaking my hand. They all seemed to have some special kind of toothpaste that made their teeth whiter than anyone else's. I was always afraid of them. They said that they wanted to "get together with me" on one of my students who was a member of their fraternity. All I had

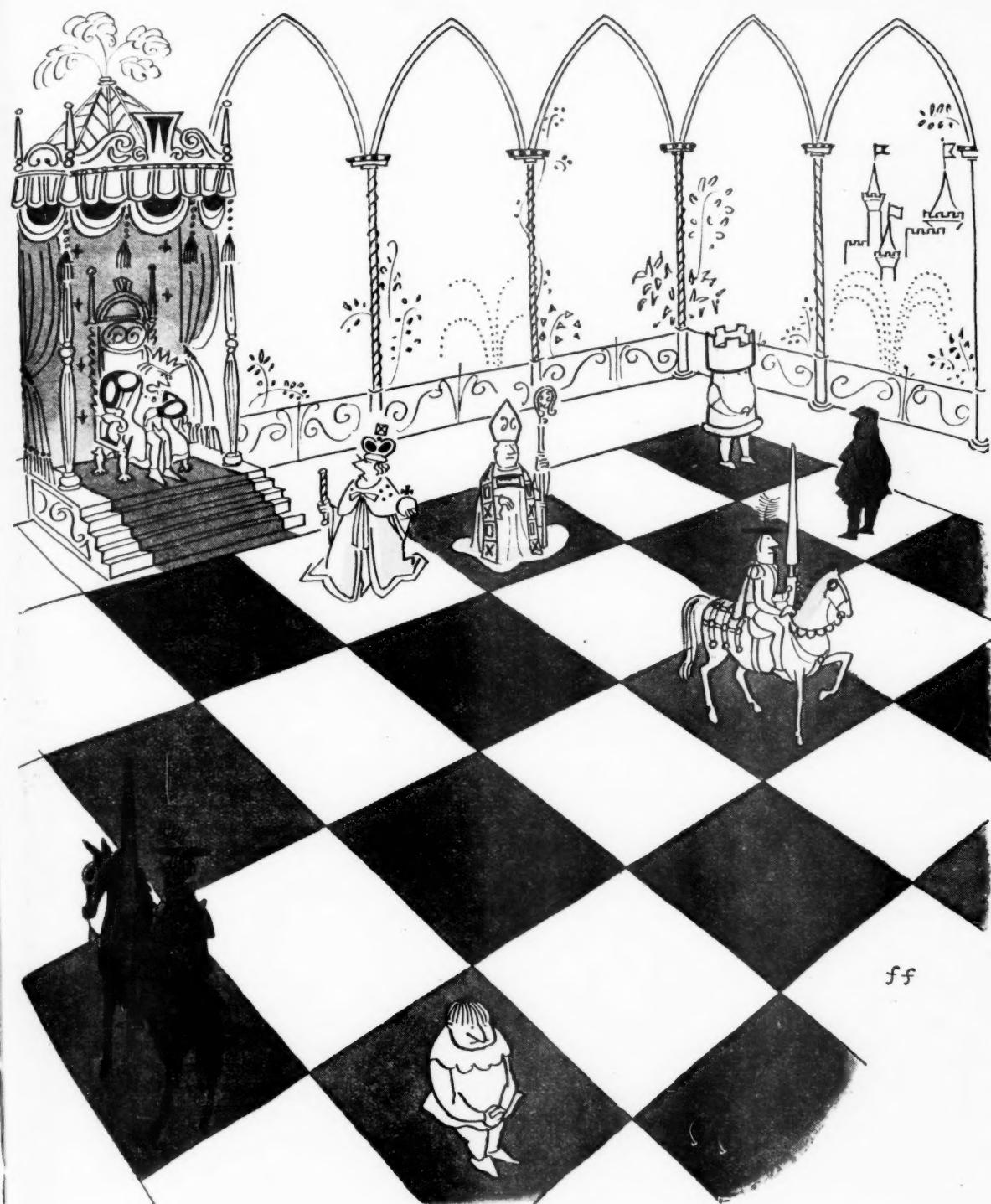
to do was to tell them what I wanted him to write and, sure as hell he'd write it, even if someone else had to do it for him.

Sometimes when things like this happened I wanted to pack my bags and return home. I felt I didn't understand it. I felt I was in a different moral ethos. It was particularly these plagiarist ethics that were difficult to adjust to. I constantly had students coming in to complain that essays to which I'd given a low grade had done better when handed in by another student in another class. Sometimes I got essays that I'd read the month before in *Reader's Digest*. Once I received Matthew Arnold's essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time"; I gave it a very low grade. I said it seemed out of touch with present conditions. I was always getting papers that students had previously written for other classes. For instance instead of an analysis of Keats' *Ode to a Grecian Urn* I once received a paper entitled "One of Nature's Marvels: The Mighty Bee," which began: "The bee is the most all-round of Nature's insects . . ." We were supposed to report plagiarism, of course; but on the one occasion when I sent a student to the Dean of Studies for this offence, I was answered with a note which said "This student tells me that you have not told your class that plagiarism is not allowed. If this is so then obviously I can take no action. They cannot be expected to know." It is at moments like this that one is reminded suddenly that one is in a foreign land. And this statement, as one of my students once wrote, can be taken for granite.

Etruscans

TO one brought up upon Macaulay's *Lays*
The Etruscans were good losers. Next I learned
They were *obesi*, in Catullus' phrase,
Large-headed, pleasure-loving, squat. They turned
Out handsome artefacts. They diced with zest.
They worshipped gloomy gods, though it's agreed
The rites' obscenity has been overstressed.
They used a language nobody can read.
And now Professor Glori says he can;
His crib will soon be published, one assumes;
Though, seeing that the text he had to scan
Was almost wholly brief remarks on tombs,
It holds no hope for linguists eager for
The vivid language which Lars Porsena swore.

PETER DICKINSON



"Who's playing the game—me or you?"

Pasta Choota, Sport

By ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

FROM Bermondsey to Brisbane is a fair run, but no British migrant is ever left to rot or rest in the city. The Federal Immigration Minister leaves it to the Queensland Government to decide what to do with you—and as soon as you get there they put you in a bus and make for the bush. You didn't know that Queensland had its own Prime Minister, Parliament and beer, quite distinct from anybody else's and fiercely independent if not autonomous. They hate Sydneysiders. They hate Victorians, and South Australians, and West Australians, and Tasmanians, and Canberra. They like Queenslanders. You will soon get the hang of this and nip out of the bus at the first stop for coffee, to buy a wide-brimmed, dimple-crowned blue felt hat. Every man North of Brisbane wears one. Yours will clash a bit with your Bermondsey Bowling Club braces, but never mind. You ask the driver if it suits you.

"Prego?" he replies, with a puzzled frown. Your wife nudges you and tells you he is Italian. Like the couple who used to run the restaurant on Leyton High Road near her Mum's. But you served your time in the Eighth and after.

"Hatto, goodo?" you say in Coll. It.

"Good-oh, amico," the driver grins. "Lei e inglese, no? New Australiano siamo tutti."

You didn't get that far. Better say nothing till you get to wherever this bus is taking you. Better open a window or two, too. There is a thermometer inside the bus which tells you it is 110 degrees in the shade. Obviously not working. The wife taps it with her chipped nail-varnish and it goes up three degrees.

After two days in the bus they let you out just south of Cairns. A white banner stretches across the road with the word BENVENUTO painted on it. Something wrong here. The Queensland Government has pulled a fast one on Australia House and you. You realize this as soon as you get out of your travelling kit (sandshoes, white drip-dry shirt, braces, a bowing blazer and the new hat) and make for the Nissen hut marked NEW SETTLERS. Just inside the door is a long table. On it a pile of British passports looks incongruous in the shadow of an Espresso machine, and

the three Italians sat behind it look unfriendly and alien. Not unfriendly. The two men leap up and shake you quickly by the hand, then examine your wife minutely. Perhaps they are doctors. Their approach is clinically thorough anyway. The third Italian, a full-breasted Neapolitan, about twenty, with anachronistic long hair and timeless eyes, gives you the same treatment. Interesting, but when do you eat?

"Eat, no?" she says, and leads you by the hand to a restaurant of sorts where they are ladling out the pasta asciutta, and pouring the wine. A strong smell of garlic atmospheres the frame-and-corrugated iron building, and an Italian newspaper flutters in the red-brown dust on the floor.

"Got that from home, missus?" you ask, conversationally.

She picks it up and hands it to you. Where you have seen *Daily Express* every morning since you first joined the T.G.W.U., the words *Il Corriere d'Australia* glare balefully at you.

"Our *giornale*. Very good? News from all places."

She turns over the pages and shows you a paragraph headed Manchester. They had a FIAT exhibition there, you gather; there is a photograph of a car and the words FIAT, ESPOSIZIONE, GRAN SUCCESSO.

"You'll get used to it, sport."

A tall Queenslander (you can tell he's a Queenslander by the hat) pads up behind you in his suede boots and beats you lazily about the shoulders. "Glad to see you. We was forgettin' how to parlare English. The Government said they was goin' to send some Poms here to even things up a bit." No sign of the wife, except a giggle. The man who speaks English tells you that this far North is the one colony Mussolini established successfully, unwittingly, and except for the gangs of cane-cutters up from New South Wales ("They're dyin' out, sport. Lawler'll kill off the last twenty Aussie gangs"), most of the inhabitants are Italian. The streets of white stone and whitewashed houses are bordered by olive trees, with a pineapple or two in the front garden; tables and chairs set squarely outside the cafés and bars are full of the paraphernalia of Catania, and only a lonely copy of the A.B.C. Weekly (the Australian Broadcasting Commission's *Radio Times*) fills the "English Paper" stand; dark-skinned, dark-haired children play in the street at the skirts of a passing priest on his way to the white belfried church to say Mass.

"They didn't say it was going to be like this."

This is your reaction after five days of talking to your wife and the lonely Australian. And making signs to the full-breasted Neapolitan "Reception." You soon tire of your wife's conversation and find yourself waiting outside the church on the offchance, walking in the swarthy police-patrolled park and learning Italian off the land. You learn to pick out the word Lavoro on page three of the *Corriere D'Australia* and turn over to FESTE. You spit at the sound of the word cricket. No more mild-and-bitter. Wine. Bowls? Stupido. English women? *Un po' freddo*.

It's a rivederci, mate. You'll make a good Australian yet.



"Highly satisfied with Health Ray. It should be made one of the **Five Wonders of the World**. I will say no more."—A.G., S.W.8.—Testimonial

Oh, say two more.



Continuing—

I LIKE IT HERE

by Kingsley Amis

SUTTING drinking away under a tree in an important-looking thoroughfare called something like the Avenida da Liberdade, Bowen tried to feel full of fun. After all, here he was on a chair in the shade while everyone else was rushing about in the heavy morning sunshine. How did any work get done in this city? Perhaps none did. Secondly, he had access to as much drink as was good for him, or even supportably bad for him: he had six of the large clean pieces of stage money left and any number of the small dirty ones. Thirdly, he had sent his cable; nothing more to be done except hope. Fourthly, old Buckmaster was off making "a couple of business calls." Fifthly, he was one day nearer to getting home than he had been yesterday.

Buckmaster was now approaching with his long bounding stride, looking at everything with the delighted wonderment of a man just out of prison in a film.

"We'll go and see Fielding's tomb," he said, smiling.

"Will we? I thought we were going to have lunch."

"Later. Lunch is late in these latitudes. You would not, I take it, wish to visit Lisbon without spending a few minutes at Fielding's tomb?"

"Of course not." Fielding himself would not be in attendance to chat to visitors, but it was a bit disrespectful to him not to seem keen to go and look at his tomb when asked, and he deserved sympathetic treatment for having been dead such a hell of a long time. And he had been a good chap; too. Bowen realized he wanted to go very much. He could keep quiet about it when he got home.

"We could take a cab," Buckmaster said, "but it seems a pity that you should not extend as much as possible your regrettably small acquaintance with Lisbon. These strips of greenery are quite delightful, are they not? Such a refreshment to the senses, and with these magnificent palms . . . Over there you will find a miniature cataract, all surrounded with ivy. This is the loveliest street I have ever seen, my friend."

"Never been up Kingsway in Swansea you haven't, then," Bowen muttered to himself. But, although again he would have to be careful who he admitted it to, Lisbon was all right, and would be really worth while if it could somehow be got on rollers and shifted to about half-way between Brighton and Eastbourne. "It must cost a lot of money to maintain," he said to Buckmaster.

They went through some cobbled streets, empty except for old women in black who peered at them. Buckmaster suddenly rang a doorbell. A girl who was a nurse, or had dressed herself up to look like one, appeared. Buckmaster sounded as if he was asking after someone called Harry Grainger. Perhaps it was a password, for they were let in, then taken along a passage. Before Bowen could get properly started on wondering just what the hell was going on, they emerged into a churchyard,

thickly planted with trees and tall shrubs. It was quiet and very lonely. In a few moments they were standing in front of a white stone sarcophagus raised on a platform. There was a good deal of Latin inscription. Everything was so clean and well looked after that it might have been put up the same year.

Buckmaster, just when he might have been expected to fly into a hortation, was silent. Bowen thought about Fielding. Perhaps it was worth dying in your forties if two hundred years later you were the only non-contemporary novelist who could be read with unaffected and wholehearted interest, the only one who never had to be apologized for or excused on the ground of changing taste.

Bowen was anxious to dissociate himself from the way Buckmaster was going on—hat in hand, head bowed, breath whistling through nostrils—but any remark might open the floodgates of



"It's his birthday."

English Men of Letters Series eloquence. In a moment the old boy replaced his hat and let his face relax into the stand-easy position. "The darling of the comic muse," he said efficiently.

"I admire him very much," Bowen said.

"I too. I feel it an honour to stand in a company that is adorned by the presence of such a one."

This was Buckmaster's way of saying, Bowen assumed, that he was as good as Fielding, or alternatively was putting on an act as one who thought so. In the circumstances no reply was possible. Bowen tried again to read some of the Latin on the tomb.

"But we are surely not to say," it came rolling out, "that the utterances of comedy, whatever their purity or power, can move us as we are moved by the authentic voice of tragedy. That alone can speak to us of the loneliness and the dignity of man. And this, my friend, means that much as I reverence this assured master of the picaresque I am unable to consider him my equal. In the field of the novel he is indeed the colossus of the eighteenth century, but I cannot feel that posterity will place him beside . . . will care to place him beside the colossus of the twentieth."

A monosyllable of demented laughter broke from Bowen before he had time to arrange a coughing fit. Too good to be true, eh? And so much too good to be

true that Buckmaster must inevitably be able to see it like that as well. Bowen stopped coughing and his eyes went glassy. That was it. Of course. And immediately he remembered what it was Emilia had said that had struck him. He knew now what Buckmaster was. The evidence might not have convinced others, but it did him.

Buckmaster said awkwardly: "These are not sentiments I would divulge except before such as you, my friend."

"Naturally not."

"Shall we go?"

They went. They had lunch. Bowen tried all he knew to pay for it, but Buckmaster wouldn't let him. Afterwards they went to the point where Buckmaster had arranged for the car to pick them up. It wasn't there. Buckmaster said violently "Mere selfishness. Inability to give attention to or even to comprehend the desires of others. One expects this, of course. Or one would expect it if one were not oneself blinded."

The car arrived, roaring, smoking, honking, pulling up with a squeal. A fairly long double bawling-out took place. Having reduced the chauffeur to a shoulder-shrugging, scowling dummy, Buckmaster opened a rear door and motioned to Bowen. Under the influence of rage the old life-enhancer looked all ears, nose and hat. They got in and were driven furiously away.

More apologies were offered and accepted. Buckmaster then fell asleep. So did Bowen. He had a dream about playing the xylophone to Oates and Afilhado which seemed very significant at the time. It lasted him most of the way back.

About half-past ten they said good night. Bowen undressed and got into bed. It was a good bed and he soon felt too sleepy to think about Buckmaster. Some time later he was dreaming that Bachixa had been made Pope when

something woke him up with a jump. He listened. Then he heard a man calling out angrily in Portuguese—Buckmaster. It sounded just like the sort of thing he had bawled at the chauffeur that afternoon in Lisbon. There was silence for a time. Bowen began falling unquestioningly off to sleep again. There was a sudden loud bang of wood on wood from the end of the veranda where Buckmaster's room was: a door being flung open or a table or chair falling. A mixed-up disturbance followed, with two angry voices this time and things falling or being knocked into. It might have been a fight or it might have been a violent argument with people blundering about. Bowen sat up. He could hear someone panting. I am exactly the kind of man for this not to happen to, he thought.

Buckmaster's voice called "Bowen. Powen." Not loudly, but as if something physical was preventing him from calling loudly. Not loudly enough, perhaps, to wake Bowen up if he had been really sound asleep, but quite loudly enough to reach him in a waking state.

Bowen stayed absolutely still for a second. Then he jumped out of bed and ran out on to the veranda. Whatever it was was going on round the corner. Before he reached the corner there was a prolonged thumping noise. A second later he was there. A man standing near the top of the steps turned round when he heard him coming. He was dressed in a singlet and a pair of dark-coloured jeans, as the captain's father on *Suomi* had been, Bowen remembered. It was the chauffeur. As Bowen approached, the other bent into a sort of wrestler's crouch. Bowen kept moving. He had not hit anybody since the last line-out of the last match he had played in at St. Helen's against the Scarlets (Swansea 11 pts., Llanelli 9 pts.) but now he got ready to do it again. They were still a few feet apart when the chauffeur laid his hand on the rail of the veranda and vaulted elegantly over it. Bowen heard him land—it was not a long drop—and run away round the side of the house.

The moon was bright enough for Buckmaster to be visible at once, lying on his back half across the bottom step. He was moving about slightly. Bowen went down, stepped over him, then knelt.



"I've cut down my anti-smoking pills to four a day."

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"How do you feel?"

"That treacherous devil. It's the last time I do anything for anyone."

"Can you stand up?"

"Drew a knife on me. My leg hurts. They're all the same in the end. Nothing to choose between them."

"Try to stand. Lean on me."

"Sorry to be such an appalling nuisance. It's this leg."

"Hold on here."

When Buckmaster's left foot touched the ground he gasped and shuddered. Bowen helped him to sit down on the second step from the bottom with his leg out in front of him. They were both panting; Bowen realized he had been doing it almost ever since first coming out on the veranda. "I'll get a doctor," he said.

"I'm all right."

"I can't move you without help and I'd be scared to anyway with that leg of yours. It feels normal to me but it might be broken; I wouldn't know. Does it hurt much now?"

"I can bear it."

"Listen: where's your housekeeper?"

"The village. At her sister's. And she'd be no help if she were here. She's another of them."

"How can I leave you, then? Supposing that chauffeur chap comes back?"

This seemed to bring Buckmaster round completely. "Luis? What happened to him? Where is he?"

"He ran off before I got to him."

"How typical. He will still be running, I have no doubt. Then some time to-morrow he will return, sobbing his repentance. I know the cycle, every stage of it."

"Has he been as violent as this before?"

"Not quite. And so this time will be the last time." Buckmaster gasped again and shivered. "What a nuisance I am. Forgive me for involving you in this."

Bowen went away and returned with a couple of blankets, some pillows, a bottle of whisky from the dining-room cupboard and a glass. He bestowed them appropriately about Buckmaster. Then he went away again and returned in jacket and trousers. "Tell me where I can find a doctor," he said.

"In the village, the white house on the right just past the café. He's an excellent fellow, young Madrigal. Most intelligent and reliable. Knowing that it is I who am afflicted he will come at

once. He knows me as *o senhor inglês*, by the way. None of these people can pronounce my name."

"I'll be back as soon as I possibly can. Is there anything else I can get you before I go?"

"Nothing, thank you." Buckmaster smiled diffidently. He looked, with the blanket round his shoulders, like an old Red Indian, the wise one who keeps saying that the white man is his brother and there must be no more blood. "How kind you are being to me, my friend, my dear Bowen. What a blessing to be in such good hands."

Bowen found Madrigal's house without difficulty and rang the bell hard and long. Get it over quickly. After a time a light went on upstairs, a head appeared at the window and a woman's voice asked him something.

"Senhor Madrigal?"

"*Nos da*," she seemed to say.

"What? I mean *como*?"

"*Nos da, senhor.*"

He nearly broke down and cried at the thought of this fiendish conspiracy, the near-martyrdom at Buckmaster's designed only to lead up to him being bidden good night in the language of his native Wales.

"*Nos da, senhor,*" the woman repeated. "*Lisboa.*" He could see her pointing. "*Lisboa.*"

"*Momento, senhora,*" he said. (Good stuff.) "*O senhor inglês.*" What was "hurt"? Might be anything. What was "ill"? "*Malade, malado, souffrant, souffrwing, soufrantly.*"

"*Não comprehendo.*"

"*Médico,*" he said desperately—he had got that off the doctor's sign on the *Rio Grande*: "*un autre . . . um outro médico.*"

"*Outro médico, sim sim sim, comprehendo.* Something or other *trese kilometros.*"

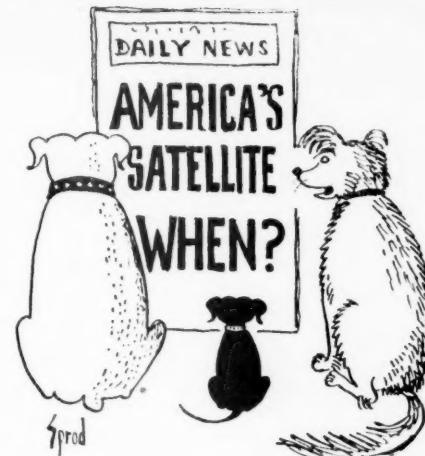
Thirteen bloody kilometres. That meant, what? sixty-five . . . eight miles as near as damn it. "*O carro?*" he asked, thinking that here at least was a sensible word.

"*Sim?*" So what? her tone said.

"*O addresso do médico?* No good? Er . . . *a casa do médico?* Where does he hang out, ducks?"

"*Compreendo.* Something *momento.*"

There was quite a long pause after the woman's head withdrew. Then something pitched into the dust at his feet. It turned out to be a piece of paper wrapped round an empty scent



"What's the hurry?"

bottle. There was writing on the paper and what looked like a sketch map. "Obrigado," he called.

He went back to Buckmaster and told him the score. The old fellow listened with an admirable effort at cheerfulness, but it was plain that his leg was giving him hell and he was getting cramped.

"I can't be sure the chap'll come unless I go there and make him," Bowen said. "Can you write me a note to give him?"

"Certainly. Are you used to continental roads?"

"Oh yes, I learnt to drive on them."

Two minutes later Bowen was sitting feeling terrible in the driving seat. One by one he found his escape-routes closed: key in the ignition, petrol in the tank, all lights working. The engine started first go off, the gear went in with hardly any dentist's-drill effect. "Again the driver pulls on his gloves," Bowen said, "and in a blinding snowstorm, pity about that, starts upon his deadly journey, and again the writer runs howling to his art—well, anyway." The car began to creep nervously out of the little garage. (To be concluded)

2 2

Vive le Sport!

"1952 Austin Atlantic hard top; ivory black; fitted radio and heater; 4 nearly new tyres and a host of other extras; one of the best At antis we have ever had."

Advertisement in the Southern Daily Echo

Up from the Well

By CLAUD COCKBURN

INTENSIVE spraying with Kleen-brest, Ohnup, and other newly-discovered truth-drugs is scheduled to start at the end of the month and continue until something happens or it becomes self-evident that nothing is going to.

The whole undertaking is of course based on the premise—hitherto scouted by qualified thinkers—that many liars are only waiting for a properly organized National Truth Service to switch to veracity which, many of them claim, they cannot, as things are now, afford.

Particular praise is therefore due to those natural truth-tellers who in the last couple of weeks have stimulated public interest in truth by actually exceeding the normal quota of truth-output for their particular age-groups, professions, etc. High among these must be listed Dr. James O'Brien, anaesthetist at the County Hospital, Fermoy, County Cork, regarding a decease there earlier this year.

"So far as the medical profession are concerned," Dr. O'Brien was asked in the course of an inquiry, "leaving out the legal position, is there any distinction in their minds as between a death in an operating theatre and a death outside an operating theatre?"

To this Dr. O'Brien, as quoted by the *Irish Times*, replied "There is some. I have a feeling that there is some difference but I cannot pin-point it. The medical profession never like to have a patient die on the table."

Q. "Is there any reason for that?"

A. "I will have to go into the realms of supposition now. When a patient dies in the theatre it is always the probable cause of inquiry, and we try to avoid that. My opinion is that it is always the subject of inquiry and coroner's inquests, and we try to avoid that as much as possible."

Q. "Can you express an opinion as to whether it was present in anybody's mind?"

A. "It was present in my mind. In fact I suggested that it would be better if this man were moved out of the theatre prior to his death."

At his home in London a well-known ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer was asked, off the record, whether, so far as the political profession are concerned,

there is any distinction in their minds as between a collapse of the national economy during the debate on the Queen's Speech and a collapse a bit later.

An enthusiastic true-speaker—his collection of truths has been viewed with keen interest by economic experts from all over the world, including France—he replied that the political profession never like to have the whole situation blow up during a reassuring speech from the Government Front Bench. Asked if there was any reason for such an attitude, he replied that in his experience it was the kind of thing that invariably led to questions, leading articles in the newspapers, etc., which were best avoided as far as possible.

For this reason, he said, he always tried to get the Government to resign, or at least to resign himself, before anything disastrous could be scheduled as having occurred within his term of office.

To large numbers of people hesitant as to whether to keep it dark or take a chance on that thing one hears about shaming the Devil, a further shove in the right direction was given recently by (now justly famous) Henry Corke of Durham Road, Holloway, London, who, returning a National Insurance form which had been addressed to him, wrote on it "I don't need these cards. I have not worked for fourteen months. I get my living by thieving."

The outcome, it must be noted, was not unequivocally encouraging to those who were at first inspired by Mr. Corke's frank words to make similarly forthright statements regarding their own

true sources of income. For the magistrate held, rather disconcertingly some might think, that a thief is in the same category as "people who may have private means or live by gambling."

Striking, on his own account, a shrewd blow in the cause of getting the truth by the throat and putting it up where everyone can see it, the magistrate added that "until the contrary is shown, anyone who is not in employment is a non-employed person."

As though to emphasize the news that truth is the coming thing, and that people who neglect to provide themselves with a supply of it adequate to see them through the winter may find themselves shunned, partnerless at the gala dance and passed over for promotion, came the case of Colonel R. Abel, top-drawer Russian spy just sentenced in Brooklyn District Court to thirty years' imprisonment.

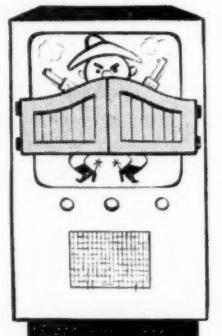
Disclosed as the head of a spy-ring, Abel was, naturally enough, found guilty of obtaining and transmitting American defence secrets to the Soviet. Abel, investigation showed, had been less than frank about his professional status. He had, and the fact was proved in court, "worked as a foreign agent without registering as such."

Hardened observers, who believed that they knew all there was to be known about the disingenuous, often downright deceitful behaviour of professional spies, confessed themselves startled by this revelation.

A plea, advanced by a friend of Colonel Abel, that the Colonel had filled in so many forms since arriving in the United States that he had simply "overlooked" the one on which he should have stated clearly the nature of his occupation, was dismissed as frivolous.

In fairness to spies working in England it must be stated that the absence in this country of any compulsory registration scheme on the lines of the American plan often leaves them a prey to confusion. They simply do not know which, of many authorities, they ought to notify that they are spies.

In cases of uncertainty, working spies are advised to ask the advice of a magistrate, minister of religion or—if available—the nearest chief constable.



ROY DAVIS

THE MODERN OLYMPUS



A Tanglewood Tale

SO ended our hero's last Labour, and very tired he was, you may be sure," concluded Eustace.

"Why was Hercules tired, Cousin Eustace?" demanded Sweet Fern.

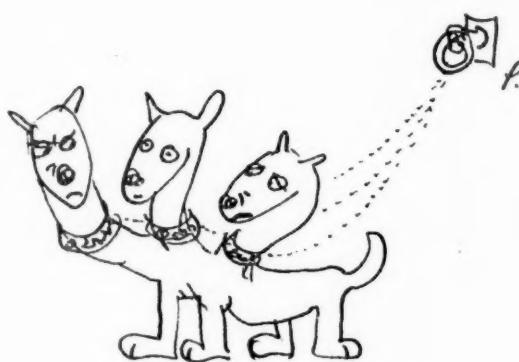
"Wouldn't you be tired," replied Eustace, pulling the little boy's ear, "if you had just been all the way to Tartarus, crossed the Styx, wrestled with Menetius the son of Ceuthonymus, overcome the three-headed hound Cerberus and dragged him back to Mycenæ, adamantine chains and all, by way of Trœzen or (as some say) through the gloomy cave of Acone, near Mariandyne on the Black Sea?"

"How can Sweet Fern possibly know the answer to that," cried saucy Primrose, "since he never tried it?"

"Let us hope, at any rate, that Hercules had a good rest," lisped Cowslip.

"Rest!" cried Cousin Eustace. "I should say not, indeed. Never was there a busier time for our hero than in the days that succeeded his twelfth Labour."

"Why was that? Tell us, tell us!" the children cried.



"Someone isn't using . . ."

"The trouble began," explained Eustace in his good-humoured way, "as soon as the news got about that there was a plan to take Cerberus away from Hades. Even before Hercules had retraced his weary way to the gloomy cave of Acone, or (as others aver) to the precinct of Laphystian Zeus, I dare say as many as ten thousand letters had already been sent to the *Argus*, and very far from complimentary most of them were, I may tell you."

"How many thousand?" asked Sweet Fern eagerly. "And where did they all go to?"

"Oh, twenty thousand, for all I know," said Eustace carelessly. "And they all went to the *Argus*, which was a newspaper of those times edited by a man with eyes in the back of his head. But I don't suppose that even Primrose here, for all her saucy grown-up ways, can guess what was in them."

"Oh, I expect they all said it was a shame to take a dog away from his master," responded Primrose, with a toss of her pretty head.

"That is just what they did say," went on Eustace, somewhat crest-fallen. "They said it never ought to have been allowed, and no good would come of it. 'It is a most scandalous thing,' some people wrote, 'to move a dumb creature from so warm a climate into the rigours of the upper air.' Others objected strongly to the use of adamantine chains, and others again protested that a dog with

three heads would feel the separation at least three times as keenly as a more orthodox hound. 'According to some reports,' wrote an angry correspondent from Epidaurus, 'the dog has not three but fifty heads. If that be the case, grave alarm must be felt as to whether adequate feeding arrangements have been made for the long haul, much of it uphill, from Tartarus to Mycenæ.' 'Sops,' complained another, 'are of little use to a hound of considerable size, especially one that, like all watch-dogs, would be under-rather than over-fed at home.' Oh, there was a fine shindy, I can tell you. It got worse, too, when Hercules and his captive at last reached Mycenæ, for instead of the great welcome he expected, there was a deputation of dog-lovers from Tiryns, with banners and signed protests and I don't know what. Actæon was there, too, with his fifty hounds, and Orion brought Arctophonus and Ptoophagos, and Procris came leading Lælaps and waving her unerring dart. Goodness me, what a barking and shouting and uproar there was as Hercules tried to push his way through with his prize!"

"What did Hercules do then, Cousin Eustace?" asked Periwinkle.

"Took the dog straight back to Hades like a sensible chap," said Eustace.

"Well, I'll be damned!" cried Periwinkle, forgetting her manners.

"At least, not immediately," Eustace corrected himself. "For he had first to slay three of Eurystheus' sons, in resentment at being given an inferior helping of meat by their father."

"And did no one protest about that?" asked Primrose pertly.

"Come, children. It is time to gather nuts," replied Eustace Bright.

H. F. ELLIS



'Thus they till sunset passed the festive hours
Nor lack'd the banquet aught to please the sense,
Nor sound of tuneful lyre, by Phoebus touch'd
Nor Muses' voice, who in alternate strains
Responsive sang...' *Iliad (Book 1)*



Key on page 639

Can She Live With His Memories?

**DID EDANA ROMNEY
CONSIDER THIS CASE CARD? →**

SHE was rather a queenly type. Still good-looking, Mr. Lustgarten thought. But I don't like those cow-like eyes myself.

She came straight to the point.

"It's my husband, Miss Romney!" she said.

"How long have you been married?" I purred.

"Well, it sometimes seems like centuries," she said. "But in his nice moods he's been good to me. A bit spoilt. Used to getting his own way. But I knew how to handle him."

"Like in *Iliad* Bk. 14?" I said.

She blushed a bit.

"Yes, and other times," she said.

"Was he faithful to you?" I asked.

"In his fashion, was the way he put it. No, not really. I didn't like it. But I put up with it. He could spot a pretty nymph or shepherdess a mile off . . . in fact we used to call him Old Television, long before that word was used for anything else! Yes, he was larky. But not half as larky as those old stories made him out to be. That's the trouble now . . ."

"How d'you mean?" I asked.

"Well, Miss Romney," she said, "he's an old man now. We're both of us getting on, come to that. But in the old days, when the world was young as I always say, things were different. Difficult to sort out between what did happen and what didn't. But certainly a lot of what you read about my husband

NAME: Hera

LOCALITY: Levant/Near East

AGE: Over 21

STATE: Married. Assorted progeny

PROBLEM: Husband and wife, an old couple, retired now, each once a considerable personage, with fans and

worshippers, and still required to put on a seemly united front for journalists, artists, epic-writers, etc. But they quarrel terribly in private, and not only in private. She complains that he lives in the past with his scrap-books and clippings, hates what some modern writers are saying about him, and looks at his wife sullenly across the breakfast table. Occasionally he throws things.

didn't happen. And when he began to get a bit long in the tooth, he half wished, half thought they had happened. And it stands to reason, he liked reading where it said they had happened."

"Who said they hadn't, then?"

"Well, it was those clever dicks at Oxford and Cambridge and in Germany mostly. In their Classical Journals and that . . . they said my husband wasn't half the chap these stories made him out to be, ever. The tales of his goings-on were pure myths. Sort of smoking-room stories. And when they said he'd been larky with this or that girl, it really meant that his followers—Hellenes, Achaeans . . . that sort of thing . . . north-country folk—some-time in the year dot had walked into some place where there'd been these moon-priestesses, and had put a stop to all that, probably marrying the moon-priestesses just to square things up. I mean, if you don't mind such plain speaking here, Miss Romney, it was the spread of patriarchy and the mopping-up of pockets of matriarchy."

"That sort of subject's all right in the learned journals," I said.

"I know," she said. "And he didn't mind it much when it was only there . . .

over names like Harrison, Murray, Frazer and all that. He still had his old Homer, and Hesiod and Pliny and Ovid. They did him proud, and he liked warming his toes in front of the fire and reading about what a chap he had been in their books."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?" She was beginning to bore me. I wanted her to come to the point. After all, Circe might be waiting to see me.

"It's this new lot . . . Robert Graves and Charles Seltman in their Penguins and Pans, for instance. Putting it all across the front page, I mean, that my husband practically didn't exist at all except in terms of Hellenic chieftains, surrogate boy-kings, mock-deaths and ultimogeniture. I don't like such language, straight I don't. But my husband took it hard, too. I mean, where does he stand now with his story of his daughter Athene being born out of his head, and Europa and Helen and Leda and so on? Never happened at all, apparently. Naturally my husband doesn't want this sort of thing spread about the Light Programme. It was bad enough on the Third."

EDGAR LUSTGARTEN INTERRUPTS

"How much do you love your husband?" I asked.

It was a brutal first question, and I meant it to sting. I wanted to shock her out of her pose, if she was posing. I thought she was.

"I—er—" she began.

Yes, I had rattled her. I went on . . .

"How does he get hold of these books by Graves, Seltman and, I put it to you, Cook, aye and Glyn Daniels too? Answer me that. Does he get them out of the library. Or do you?"

She winced and cowered.

I went on . . .

"I put it to you that you get them out,



first so that you can enjoy reading about the blamelessness of your husband's past: second so that you can leave them about for him to read. You leave them lying about so that he can have these proofs that he has been lying about his gay amours!"

She didn't laugh at my word-play. She did not strike me as a person with much sense of humour. Also, for the first time for centuries, it seems, she was being made to see that it takes two to make a happy Darby and Joan act.

OUR ADVICE

He can't escape you now. He can't go on the tiles any more. He will depend more and more on his memories. Don't crab his memories for him, or try to prove to him that they are all hippogriff's

feathers. Just the opposite. Build them up for him. Give him a few extra things that he'll think he had forgotten. Refer coyly to his gay romps with girls when he was disguised as a sparrow or an asp or an oak-tree or a dolphin. Slap his wrist roguishly and tell him what a problem husband he was, with all his girls and all his larky ways. You'll be paying him the best compliment possible, at a time of his life when he can very well do with a compliment or two. R. A. USBORNE



Homer in the Upper House

HERE therefore indeed the peers and peeresses gathered,
Not all of one sort, but what you might call a hotchpotch,
Some noble by birth or the death of lordly relations,
Whose forbears came from fair France and butchered the
Saxons,
Or turned a blind eye on the mirthful ways of the Stuarts,
Or made boots for the troops, nor was Lloyd George ungrateful,
Or later still were ennobled to show their Socialist leanings.
Others again themselves but newly given a peerage,
But ready to hand it on to unbegotten descendants,
Earls and barons unborn and peers in infinite series,
All because they themselves had won their way to promotion.
Here they all were assembled, the highly various peerage,
Called by noble names well-famed in the story of England,
Norfolk, Somerset, Derby, Mowbray, Shrewsbury, Hastings,
Luke, and Rank, and Crook, and Stamp, and Cohen, and Nathan,
Talbot de Malahide, Wemyss, Kilmarnock, Sinha, Strabolgi,
Sheffield, Swansea, Dudley, Reading, Manchester, Wigan,
Rugby, Coventry, Stafford and all stations to Glasgow.
Some with lordly homes adorned with notable pictures,
But cruel poverty made them admit the visiting public
At half a dollar a head and two bob extra on Sundays:
So they paid their way, though naturally reluctant.
Others again sat in with boards of lordly directors,
Making shiny machines or ships or chemical compounds.
Others again were blessed with wives unusually fruitful,
Themselves indeed unpaid, but their wives adorned television.
Some had private papers to voice their lofty opinions
On queen and empire and sex, or blackguard cultural leaders;
Few were these and wealthy: but many wrote for the papers.
Some were men of affairs or even chartered accountants,
And some physicians and surgeons, but blessed with notable
patients,
And some not lords at all, but merely judges or bishops.

There then gathered together the lordly peerage in council.
Some noble by birth or the death of lordly relations,
Others again themselves but newly given a peerage,
But ready to hand it on to unbegotten descendants.
There they met together, and others came to their council,
Peers of an unknown sort, ephemerally ennobled,
Able to get no peers, however many their offspring,
Like to a pure white bull, fit sacrifice for the altar,
But because god has cursed him, he finds his progeny
speckled,
Yea, though he get a herd: so their ephemeral peerage
Perished along with them when bitter death overtook
them:
Yet had they honour living, or had they not been ennobled.
Many of such there came to sit with the peerage assembled:
Pickles of the bleeding heart, professional friend of the people,
Tried in the furnace of long though largely vicarious sorrow,
But great wealth he had of it. Richards, rider of horses:
Faster than all he rode them and so was given a peerage:
Harding of the harsh words, a whole-time breaker of idols,
W' e rudeness stood him in stead, for honeyed speech was
abundant.
Peeresses also came, of whom was Summerskill foremost:
Westminster made her great, but Egypt again unmade her,
So they made her a peer, and little indeed she liked it:
Cogan of the sweet song, and Truman skilful at tennis,
And high-girdled Dors, whom pleasant Swindon had
nurtured,
Less in her art than Leigh and less in size than Sabrina,
But clever more than they twain: and so she came to the
peerage.

Here then all were assembled and many others beside them
The noble peers and peeresses, old and new-created . . .

P. M. HUBBARD

Those Days and These

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

THE fashion world is tough at the top—or call it resilient. The news that the couture house of Worth has started a wholesale side making clothes to sell through the shops has caused no spilt tears. Nearly all couturiers, in Paris as well as London, now do something in the ready-to-wear line; it is just a sign of the times.

But signs of the times are sentimentalists' most unfavourite reading matter, apt as they are to view the birth of every new project as the funeral of an old tradition. Worth's entry into *haute wholesale* (these clothes will be far from inexpensive) takes on a special significance because it is within a few months of being a hundred years since the House of Worth started in the Rue de la Paix. Charles Frederick Worth was a Lincolnshire lad apprenticed to Swan and Edgar's, and his story is strictly in

the Dick Whittington genre. Instead of conquering the City of London he set out at the age of twenty to conquer the City of Fashion, with no French, no money, and not a friend in Paris. Wellington's victory over Napoleon thirty years before was really small beer compared with Worth's victory over the Second Empire of Napoleon III and his Empress Eugénie. For Worth beat the French at what had always been regarded as their own exclusive game, and became fashion dictator to the most fashionable and the currently most extravagant court in the world.

This Englishman employed, at the apogee of the Second Empire, twelve hundred French work-people; just about the same number as the House of Dior now employs. He gave women a New Look when he introduced the crinoline, and ten years later it was he

who expelled it—which was a far more difficult thing to do. When Napoleon and Eugénie were themselves expelled and sought refuge in England, Worth continued to rule in France. There were still plenty of crowned and tiara'd heads in Europe who still looked on Paris as the only possible place for clothes; and there were visitors from the Americas. Worth died before the century was out, but his sons, and then his grandsons, carried on in the Rue de la Paix. An assistant at the turn of the century was the eccentric young Poiret, soon to be perpetrator of the next New Look.

And yet, unbelievable though it somehow seems, the Empress Eugénie lived on until 1920; and the Princess de Metternich, Worth's other great patroness, did not die until a year later still. Thus these ladies who wore the fabulous crinolines of incalculable yardage must have seen the beginning of the narrow skirt's retreat to the knee. This probably did not alarm them, for had not Worth, in 1860, raised their crinolines for country walking to six inches from the ground, completely exposing their ankles? A fearful felicity—but the skirt had gone no higher, indeed had dropped again . . . except *pour le sport*. Jean Worth has written of how, as a boy, he saw his father's beautiful blonde Empress gliding past him on the frozen lake with three of her ladies. Their crinolines were so short as barely to cover the knees, and billowed up still higher in the breeze. Wide velvet knickers were fastened under the knee, and gaiters met the knickers. Silver skates were strapped on to high-heeled pointed boots. Their short fitted jackets were trimmed with chinchilla and sable; demure velvet toques, tiny and tilted, adorably perched on their heads.

This enchanting picture is of another world—almost of another species. Yet any middle-aged person to-day is old enough to have talked with the Empress Eugénie, thus bringing her era well within mental reach. And how even more tangible is the Edwardian era which, if not so fabulous, was more intensely elegant, more dedicated to pure fashion as distinct from fashion applied to frivolity and flirtation. Worth has a living link with Edwardian times



in Mrs. Mortimer, a director of their London house. It was she who supervised Queen Mary's coronation dress and so, in a manner of speaking, rang out the Edwardians, rang in the Georgians. And now, this year, besides ringing in Worth Wholesale, she has heralded the opening of two new departments: the Worth Boutique and Miss Worth.

These are with the couture at 50 Grosvenor Street, the first house in Grosvenor Street to become business premises. That was in 1926, and there was a stipulation that the front door be kept shut and that the name should not be higher than two inches nor longer than six inches. To-day there is not one private house left in Grosvenor Street; but the Worth front door is still kept shut. Behind its intimidating portal the Miss Worth clothes and accessories are happily informal and inexpensive, although exclusively designed by Viennese Madame Bery—not to be picked up elsewhere. The idea is to provide a happy hunting ground for the daughters of couture clients who, having married, are no longer dressed by the substantial, if reluctant, parental purse.

Mrs. Mortimer admires these daughters enormously. They are simply wonderful because they run their lives with so few servants; and she believes that the most compelling reason for débutantes taking jobs after their first season is the fear of having to help in the house—a fear with which she sympathizes. Linked as she is in memory to the most gilded *jeunesse* of the golden days, she will have nothing against the present times, the present generation, or even the present fashions: "They are so different it is impossible to compare them." The difference started when motor cars altered the manner of living, and therefore the manner of dressing.

An Edwardian lady's manner of living mainly consisted of dressing—at least four times a day: the tailored coat and skirt (never called a suit) for morning shopping; the carriage dress and furs for riding in the park and paying afternoon calls; the tea-gown changed into on returning home. Later, retiring to her room, she rested in a *négligée* until she dressed for dinner, which would not be earlier than nine o'clock. One wonders from what she



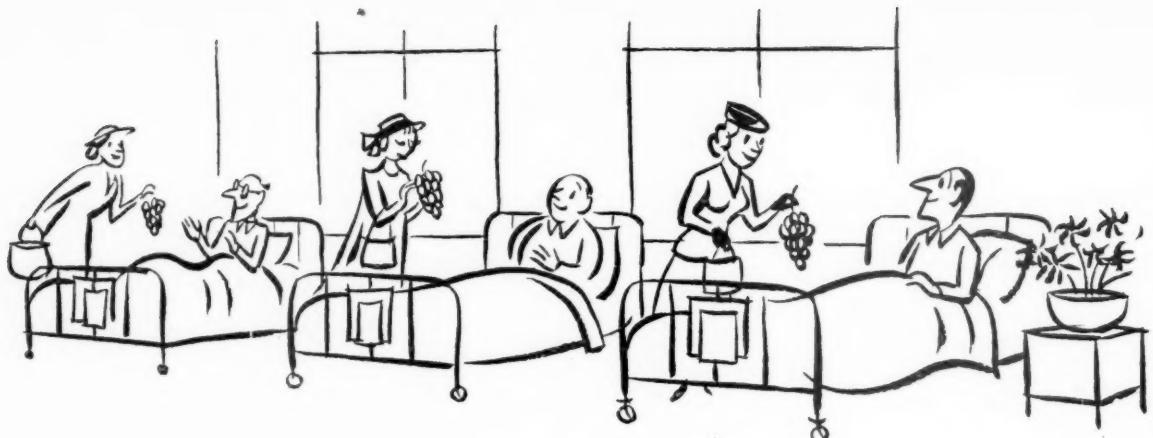
"Being a deb is going to date one rather, isn't it?"

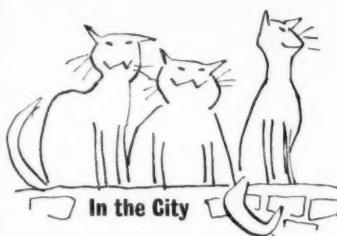
rested, unless it was the fatigue of changing her clothes so often. "Mrs. Mortimer, do you think they were ever bored?" "Oh, no, they had no time to be bored—they were kept so busy changing their clothes."

Rarely does a nostalgic note creep into Mrs. Mortimer's vigilant up-to-dateness; but in speaking of the infiltration of man-made fibres into all kinds of fabrics she sighed for the days when all silks were pure, and stiff satins well-nigh holy . . . "the satins which stood alone!" And another sigh was breathed to the memory of the tea-gown, that exquisitely feminine garment, all chiffon and lace and flowing angel-sleeves . . . the tea-gown of which Madame Lucille in Hanover Square was the supreme creator. It was gin which killed the tea-gown. Until the American cocktail came to England no English *lady* had ever tasted gin. The time of day when

one wore a tea-gown became the time of day for cocktails—and clearly one could not drink gin in a tea-gown. Thus the tea-gown fell into desuetude or, in the language of the mode, went out.

In lamenting the tea-gown, the divine creatures who wore it, and the serene repose of which they were the visible grace, we forget the tyranny that fashion imposed in those days. Leisure is relative to the pace of living, and no doubt the Edwardians felt themselves rushed to death: the morning visits to milliners and dressmakers; the changing for the afternoon drive; the exhausted return. And no sooner, it seemed, was one relaxed in a tea-gown than it was time to "lie down" in a *négligée*; and no sooner, it seemed, had one closed one's eyes than it was time to dress for dinner. Really, there was not a moment's peace—positively no time to be bored.





Paperbackery

TELEVISION is everybody's whipping-boy, and the catalogue of its real or imaginary crimes increases almost daily. It is blamed for bad business at the cinema and the theatre, falling attendances at sporting fixtures, under-population at the pub, the disappearance of the "rep," increased juvenile delinquency, falling standards of taste, education and conversation, inflation (commercial TV only), the ruination of the country's eyesight, rock 'n' roll, the decline or fall of newspapers and magazines . . . I have an aunt who blames television even for her rheumatism. "It's the rays," she says. "I read somewhere that they get into your bones."

But there is another side to the coin. There is ample evidence to prove that the growth of the TV services has been accompanied by an increase in the nation's reading-matter. It is true, of course, that many newspapers and magazines have suffered from the competition of the little screen: *Picture Post* is dead, and Fleet Street has scores of walking casualties, but others, including nearly all the "quality" papers, have prospered. The libraries report record readership figures, publishers are in good heart.

What has happened is that television has caused a revolution—which may, of course, be temporary—in our reading habits. Viewers are no longer attracted, it seems, by itsy-bitsy brands of journalism: when they turn away from the flickering images of the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. they look for reading-matter capable of providing sustained entertainment, more detailed information, more thoughtful comment. Television is killing headline news presentation and superficial feature coverage.

One result of this revolution is apparent in the very rapid expansion of the trade in paperback books. Ten years ago there were only two substantial publishing houses in this field and their annual sales were about ten million copies: now, with sales running at more than fifty million copies a year, the business is fiercely competitive. Paper-

backs were once synonymous with "Penguins": now the bookstalls feature the dashing coloured covers of Corgi Books, Landsborough ("Four Square") Publications, owned by Godfrey Phillips, the "Four Square" tobacco people, "Signet" and "Mentor" books from America, "Pan" Books, "Fontana" and "Comet" books (Collins), the St. Martin's Library (Macmillan), Hodder books, Beacon Books (Odhams), and many others.

Paperbacks are sold at an average price of 2s. 6d., and there is very little profit for the publisher unless sales exceed 50,000 per title. Gross profit per copy is about three halfpence. Unit cost is approximately ninepence, the retailer's margin is tenpence, the wholesaler gets twopence ha'penny, the author twopence farthing.

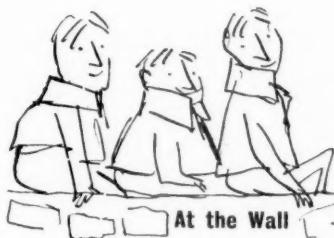
Publishers maintain that sales equivalent to one paperback per head of population per year represent nothing like optimum business, that given a fair

crack and adequate shelf-room by ordinary bookshops paperback sales might easily be doubled within a year or two. At present the trade is largely in the hands of newsagents and bookstalls, and the bookshops, primarily interested in the maintenance of their trade in hard covers, are not anxious it seems to promote the thin-skinned competitor.

I have not so far seen paperbacks advertised on commercial television, but the idea is bound to occur to someone eventually. A new slice of autobiography or fantasy from the hand of some precocious child author might easily sell by the million overnight. "It's here! The book you've been waiting for! Read what happened when Jim and Priscilla were thrown together in Sputnik 118! It sizzles! Run down to your newsagent's now and get your copy of *Space Chick*."

There's money, I tell you, in paperbacks.

MAMMON



St. Andrew's Day

THERE will probably be a few pictures of boys emerging from mud in the papers this week-end, particularly if it rains and the mud is sticky enough. The press seems to consider the thing to be broad comedy, but even so a few readers may wonder what can have brought them to this. The answer, as usual, is evolution.

In the old days, when football consisted of villages hallooing in mobs across the countryside and keeping the score in casualties as well as goals, everyone played the same rules. Then some innovator discovered that if his team stationed themselves about the ground and kicked the ball to where the enemy was not they could run rings round any shouting rabble. "Passing" caught on rapidly, except that Eton in a fit of uncharacteristic conservatism devised rules to make it illegal. The result was an excellent, if rather metaphysical, game called the Field Game in which it is possible, one way and another, to be off-side in any direction. It involves a lot of running.

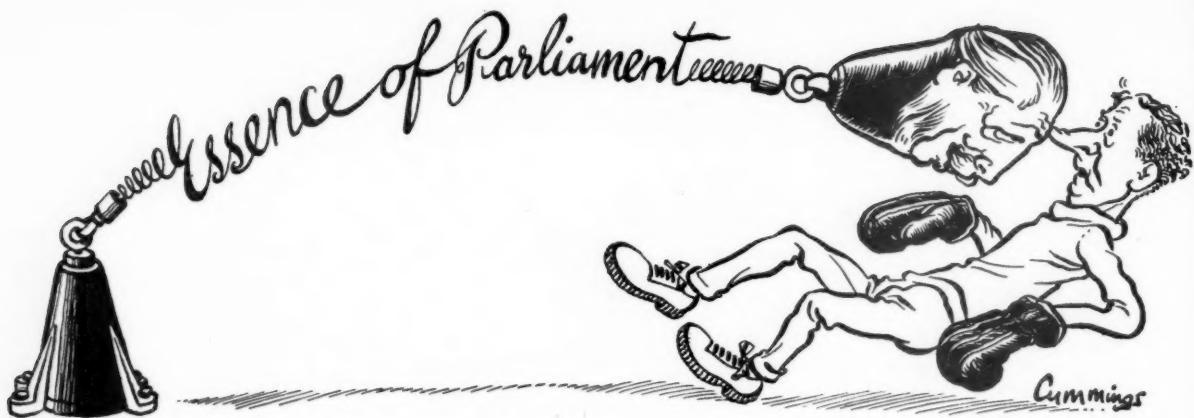
At some point there must have been

rather a ponderous lot of Collegers at Eton. The Collegers still play their games on a field which is bounded on one side by the Wall, and these early slow-running intellectuals discovered that if play was taken to that side of the field a gratifying maul, supported by the Wall, developed in which their gifts were shown to better advantage; so they narrowed the field of play to a strip along the wall and mauled away. The Justinian of the game, the codifier of the rules, was J. K. Stephen, whose legislative originality may have been inherited; his father, a High Court judge, once lost his patience in court and sentenced the jury to penal servitude for life.

Be that as it may, the rules have hardly altered since Stephen's day. I shall not try to explain them; but I shall claim that it is, contrary to popular opinion, a game of skill. Why else should a team chosen from seventy Collegers who have played the game for five years be able to hold their own, on average, against a team from the thousand-odd Oppidans? Another popular idea that needs refuting is that it is always a draw. Goals are rare (George Orwell scored one); but shies, which entitle one to a shot at goal as a try does in rugger, are fairly common.

In fact it is quite a good game, especially for slow runners, and it has one advantage over most other games: it is not, as anyone who has ever watched it will agree, a spectator sport.

PETER DICKINSON



MR. SELWYN LLOYD did not come too badly out of his Tunisian roasting. It is obviously a catastrophe that we should be found quarrelling publicly with France. It would obviously have been an even greater catastrophe if we had been found quarrelling publicly with America. Algeria or no Algeria, M. Bourguiba must have some arms from somewhere if he is to establish order in Tunis, and if he cannot get them from the West he would have to get them from the East. Whether, like the astute Italians, we could have just kept out of it and left the Americans to supply the Tunisians was not quite clear—and oddly enough this was the question that no Member asked. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was able to show that we had done a good deal of consulting of the French. Mr. Emrys Hughes set the ball rolling in the unaccustomed part of a champion of the Western alliance. Mr. Gaitskell, an unconvincing Thomas à Becket, doing "the right thing for the wrong reason," rallied to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's support but in an oddly unfortunate fashion. Not to have sent arms to Tunis, thought Mr. Gaitskell, would have marked us a supporter of France's Algerian policy. France's Algerian policy may be as it may be, but at any rate the alleged reason why France would not give arms to Tunis was not that those arms would go to Algeria—about which M. Bourguiba was willing to give assurances, for what they may be worth—but that the Tunisians would not promise to allow France to become her exclusive supplier. What worried them was "the symbolic gesture of fraternal affection"—the cargo of British arms which Colonel Nasser had sent to Tunis. As Abraham Lincoln might have said, "You can supply all of your enemies some of the time or some of your enemies all of the

time, but you cannot supply all of your enemies all of the time." Doubtless the whole matter will be fixed up somehow—for none of the three parties can afford it otherwise—but why could not these compromises have been made before a public row rather than after? At least let us be thankful for the mercy that Mr. Lloyd firmly turned down Mr. Henderson's suggestion for high-level talks with the Russians, in spite of plaintive cries of "Why not?" from the Opposition. Of all forms of bankruptcy of statesmanship the notion that if you cannot think of anything else to do you can at least have a conference is the most futile. Simple souls say that a conference cannot do harm and may do good. A conference that fails—a conference where a united and competent enemy, clear in his own intentions, confronts a divided and incoherent alliance, is a conference that might well do almost infinite harm. Finally, Mr. Silverman announced that he would raise the matter again on the adjournment, though what exactly he would raise was far from clear.

However it may be in the hospitals, it was certainly Meticulous Week at Westminster—a dull week if ever there was one, with Mr. Macmillan's little spurt of temper against Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Butler refusing to go to prison in disguise, and Sir Hamilton Kerr standing on his head as the three reminders that our legislators are still almost human. As short a time ago as Brighton the Socialists—all of them except Mr. Shinwell—were convinced that all that they had to do was to sit back and power would fall into their laps. They may be right. It is to be hoped for their sake that they are right, for certainly there does not seem any probability that they will ever get power in any other way. Joshua at Jericho

had at least to blow his own trumpet before the walls fell down. The Socialists, most of them quarrelling upstairs among themselves about the House of Lords, do not seem to be able even to do that. What a splendid epitaph for a party. "What did you do



in the great crisis, Daddy?" "I had a row in a committee room about the House of Lords."

Their performances on the Insurance Bill were pitiable. It sounds all right for simpletons to suggest that pensions should go up automatically with prices, but of course Mr. Philip Bell, Sir Patrick Spens and others were manifestly right in denouncing such a proposal as "defeatist"—as an admission that the Socialists recognized that inflation was inevitable and had no hope of ever stopping it. The more people whose income goes up automatically with inflation, the less chance of stopping inflation, for these automatic increases inevitably cause more creation of money and in their turn yet higher prices. Do the Socialists think that pensions should automatically go down if prices fall?

Mr. Paton could not but admit that the tobacco concession was an anomaly and must end some time. But could it not, he asked, be ended gradually—those who had the concession to keep it till they die but no more to get it—rather like Hamlet on women marrying? But there is already enough discontent among old-age pensioners between the



smokers who get the concession and the non-smokers who do not get it. Mr. Paton would add in the name of equality another discrimination between concessionary and non-concessionary smokers. The mind sometimes reels at the folly of politicians who think that they must suggest something when they have nothing to suggest.

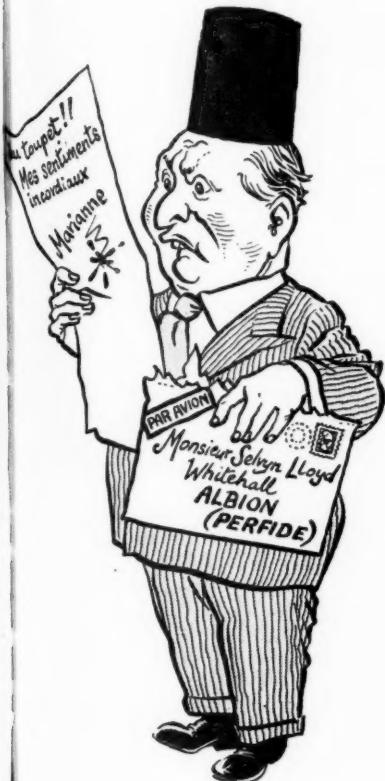
The only vigorous blows at the Government during the week came at Question Time from their own back benchers—from Mr. Hugh Fraser and Mr. Teeling, fighting lustily for British subjects overseas who have lost their property. This is the job an Opposition ought to do—when there is an Opposition.

Meanwhile Mr. Nabarro was gallantly plugging along from one side of the House to get the purchase-tax off baskets and Mr. Mellish from the other to get the Minister of Health to say something about hospitals; and though the Minister had nothing to say and the Chancellor would make no promises about baskets, at least these were questions which it was sensible to ask.

Mr. Mellish was quite right to ask the question and Mr. Walker Smith was quite right—at this stage—not to answer it. When people are threatening to go slow the first thing is to find out just how slow they are going. The Socialists had to do the best that they could by working in a crack or two at the Minister on the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill.

And then to crown it all Mr. Lewis wanted a select committee to inquire into the speeches of Lord Hailsham. What a splendid idea! One had heard that there was a danger of unemployment, but, if committees are to be appointed to inquire into the meaning of all politicians' speeches, surely full employment for all time is adequately guaranteed.

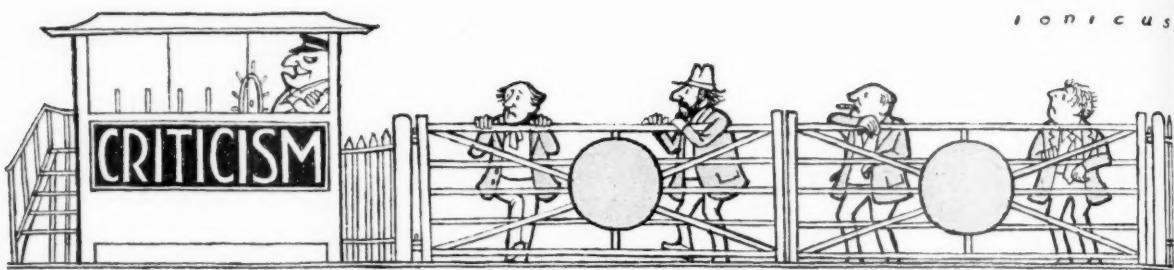
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"At last night's meeting, Colonel Nasser decorated M. Karamanlis with the Order of the Nile, Egypt's highest decoration."
B.U.P. message

Bet he took a jaundiced view of that.

Ionicus



BOOKING OFFICE

Humanist's History

Historical Essays. H. R. Trevor-Roper.
Macmillan, 21/-

"**I**S that Mr. Macaulay?" exclaimed two girls at the zoo, "never mind the hippopotamus": Macaulays or not, the more readable historians again have an immense *récit*. But what mutterings there are in common rooms—what subfusc revenges!

Professor Trevor-Roper has a deserved prestige. He is a brilliant and popular writer; he is also a severe and erudite scholar, formidably armed, not averse to carrying war into an enemy's camp. Here he displays many facets of a fine historical imagination and a realistic judgment. It is good to have a Regius Professor who is a master of English prose.

His range is remarkable. Who, after all (he says), would ever ask what was Gibbon's period? Historians may write essays even where unqualified to write a book. He shows a catholic interest—not, one hastens to add, in the doctrinal sense—in perennial problems; they arise from the interplay of "heavy social forces or intractable geographical facts and the creative or disruptive forces which wrestle with them: the nimble mind, the burning conscience, the blind passions of men." In short Professor Trevor-Roper is a humanist who has taken what little he wants from Marx and thrown out the rest; Marx's history, he declares, is as dead as mutton. But his mind seems most attuned to the eighteenth century, hard bitten, lucid, impatient of mystery, with a fine old-world hatred of humbug and a militant dislike of clericalism which he can no more abide than he can Professor Toynbee.

Here, also, is serious purpose. Common-sense and contrivance, he believes, can enrich human life; he has gusto and a qualified optimism. He can be intolerant, particularly if he can catch a Jesuit, but he has no affinities with angry and squalid young men or with the team workers of Welfare State

Civics. He is never parochial; he sweeps from Biblical Palestine to eighteenth-century Spain, from the world of Homer to the world of Lytton Strachey, from Ibn Kaldoun's sardonic wisdom to the disillusioned foresight of Burckhardt, from Pastons in Norfolk to Jesuits in Japan. He pays just tribute to Clarendon's "splendid magnanimity," to his "long serpentine rich polychromatic sentences," and to the critics



of Hobbes, though he does less justice to the profound originality of the philosopher himself. After all, though no politician, Hobbes took account in terms of seventeenth-century psychology of the exploits of the subconscious which still render the subject of original sin so topical.

Rubens, we learn, was looked down on as a diplomat by contemporary grandees, and Charles I, the greatest art collector in Europe, whose superb collection was dispersed during the Great Rebellion, wrote the draft which Gauden elaborated into the *Eikon Basilike*, that best-seller which earned him the Bishopric of Exeter and, when that proved inadequate, of Worcester. Many readers will be attracted and perhaps surprised

by the essay on the Enlightenment in eighteenth-century Spain, a country saddled with a series of half imbecile monarchs and not generally thought of as progressive. Here, too, are some interesting aspects of a campaign long conducted against equating "wooden Calvinism" with capitalist enterprise, an idea which Professor R. H. Tawney took from Max Weber and wrote up with effect. On the contrary, it was among backwoodsmen and "the idiot fringe of the indebted gentry" in which the extremes of fanaticism, Catholic or Calvinist, in fact flourished. It would seem that perhaps with his sceptical bias, Professor Trevor-Roper, for all his deep knowledge of the age, can do less than justice to the hurricane of religious zeal which could inspire a Cromwell to battle, or a counter-Reformation spy to martyrdom, and which commanded so wide a following because it was representative. It was the quest for Salvation, not the main chance, which inspired the greatest men of action to convulse their terrible century.

In all, this is an outstanding book, a brisk assertion of a salutary point of view, rooted in a fine tradition. It is to be unreservedly recommended for its brilliance, its perspicacity and its range. Research there must be, and what is more fascinating than to engage upon it? But there has grown up an odd convention that its results to be respectable must be unreadable. The narrowing field, the clumsy pen, the suspicious eye are not necessarily the hallmark of scholarship, as Maitland demonstrated in his day and Sir Maurice Powicke has demonstrated in our own. Nor is it necessary to grind an axe to achieve eloquence. It is better to love one's subject so that it lives in the imagination, to hand on the fire.

In his dislike of extremists, his desire for results, his admiration for success, Professor Trevor-Roper is very English. He has also the wide sympathies of a first-rate historian. He is particularly understanding towards alien peoples, and evokes with great insight the extraordinary history of the Jews, though he

can remark that their "first record in mythology is an expulsion from Paradise" and their "last record in history has always been an expulsion from somewhere else."

JOHN BOWLE

Norfolk Assembly. R. W. Ketton-Cremer.
Faber. 28/-

From time to time Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer turns from his more serious studies of such figures as Horace Walpole and the poet Gray to examine the worthies and non-worthies of his native county. *Norfolk Assembly* takes another look at the great local family of Paston and investigates several seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Norfolk personalities. Something also is said of the settlers from the Low Countries who came to East Anglia. There are extracts from the Gunton Housebook, a volume composed by the Harbord family whose physician was Sir Thomas Browne, author of *Urn Burial*, and one of the entries details *Doctor Browne's Purge of Damask Roses*. Acton Cremer, an ancestor of the author's, got the wrong side of the redoubtable Dr. Fell in 1674 and was made to translate into English a treatise on Lapland written in Latin by a professor of Upsala. The memoir of the late Alec Penrose makes one wonder whether one of these collections should not be devoted to modern Norfolk. The net is cast every time in a wider sweep, so that here we end with Venta Icenorum, the principal town of East Roman Britain, where Mr. Ketton-



Key to "The Modern Olympus" (pages 628 and 629)

The Muses

1. Calliope (Epic poetry).....Situation vacant
 2. Melpomene (Tragedy)....Sir Donald Wolfit
 3. Thalia (Comedy).....Joyce Grenfell
 4. Clio (History).....Arnold Toynbee
 5. Urania (Astronomy) The Astronomer Royal
 6. Euterpe (Lyric Poetry)....John Betjeman
 7. Erato (Erotic Poetry).....Tommy Steele
 8. Polymnia (Sublime Hymns)....Vera Lynn
 9. Terpsichore (The Dance)

Dame Margot Fonteyn

<i>The Gods</i>	
10. The Church	The Archbishop of Canterbury
11. Pulchritude	Sabrina
12. Education	Sir John Wolfenden
13. The Trades Unions	Frank Cousins
14. The Press	Sir William Haley
15. Science	Sir William Penney
16. The Law	Lord Goddard
17. Politics	Aneurin Bevan
18. Campanology	Lord Hailsham

The Good Church

10. The Church

The Archbishop of Canterbury

ell 11. Pulchritude Sabrina

12. Education..... Sir John Wolfenden
13. The Trade Unions..... Frank G. Johnson

13. The Trades Unions ...Frank Cousins
14. The Press Sir William Haley

14. The PressSir William Haley
 15. ScienceSir William Penney

Ann 16. The LawLord Goddard
17. Public LawSir J. E.

17. Politics Aneurin Bevan
18. Campanology Lord Hailesham

syn 18. Campanology Lord Hallsham

十一

*"I trust that our little friendship won't
be affected by this ban on overtime,
Miss Wynskill."*

Symons, tossing a crumb of comfort to the harassed politicians of 1957, history is unlikely to repeat itself. But his case is not very convincing. As a chronicle of the nine days that shook the world in May, 1926, this is a valuable and constructive piece of work. It embodies a thorough research of the press, T.U.C. archives and the memories of humble bit-players in the drama—the volunteer engine-drivers, special constables, dock-workers and so on. And because Mr. Symons always writes lucidly it is surprising and disappointing that the result of all this labour should be rather pedestrian and unexciting. It may be, of course, that no amount of retouching can restore the faded portraits of the stuffy politicians and dreary disillusioned strikers of the 'twenties, that for a people trying to live with the H-bomb the bitter feuding of the one and only general strike can never be more than a storm in a tea-cup. Or is it that instinctively we feel nearer in time to a more decisive showdown? A. B. H.

Hitler: The Missing Years. Putzi Hanfstaengl. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 30/-

Dr. Hanfstaengl is remembered as the man who played Wagner on the piano for Hitler. He was never a deeply committed Nazi, and hopped off the bandwagon fairly early, taking his piano with him; but he was one of Hitler's intimates in the early days of the movement and his characteristic view of the Fuehrer is not without value. The best of it is footnote material—Hitler standing rapt before a painting by Caravaggio because he thought it was a Michelangelo; Hitler making an extempore sketch of the Palace of Westminster

from details he had memorized out of encyclopædias; Hitler ordering repeated showings of *King Kong* in his private cinema. This is all worth having.

And Dr. Hanfstaengl himself? He emerges from his book not only as the man who played Wagner on the piano for Hitler but as the only Nazi who composed a football song at Harvard.

B. A. Y.

AT THE PLAY



Flowering Cherry (HAYMARKET)
Measure for Measure (OLD VIC)
The Happiest Millionaire
(CAMBRIDGE)

HOW far can a central character be a waster, and yet sufficiently interesting to hold us? In *Flowering Cherry* Robert Bolt has dared the edge of safety. On nearly all counts his insurance clerk, Mr. Cherry, makes a poor showing. He is lazy, irresponsible and dishonest, bolstering himself with drink, talking big to cover his incompetence and living in a dream in which he is the herculean master of a prosperous orchard. Mr. Micawber and he would have got on beautifully. When he loses his job he is too cowardly to tell his wife, and when he steals two pounds for the pub from her bag he lets his son, not altogether reliable with money, be suspected. His windfall façade grows as he becomes more desperate, until inadvertently his wife calls his bluff by urging him to sell up and stake their last throw on the orchard

that seems the most important thing in his life. But this, too, has been part of the façade, and the last of his resolution crumbles.

There is, all the same, a certain pathos in his hopelessness. Mr. Bolt has observed his character so well that one feels for him as one might for a maddening but muddled child; and Ralph Richardson, making him a little larger than life, carries us with him, storming and bragging and lying and genuinely weeping at his own emptiness. It is a fine study of shabby misery, backed by discerning analysis of his relations with his wife and children. He has married into a higher drawer, but his distracted wife remains loyal though her nerves are at breaking-point. She has caught him out so often that faith has gone but there is still a kind of affection. Here Celia Johnson is exactly right, in an extremely understanding performance that quietly takes us through each stage of the woman's mounting despair.

The children are rather terrifying, but as with their parents, they ring true. In spite of their mother, contempt for their father has loosened the home tie; the boy is arrogant and shiftless, the girl unsure of herself. Andrew Ray and Dudy Nimmo play them vividly, and Susan Burnet adds a horribly good sketch of a heartless little vamp in tartan trousers.

Flowering Cherry develops slowly, but fairly steadily. Through the evening we wonder why the back wall of the kitchen isn't solid, only to discover at the end that the openwork is there to reveal a

flowering orchard during the death of Mr. Cherry. This, and the occasional dream music, seem out of place in an otherwise completely realistic piece. The mechanics are not perfect—the second appearance of the fruit-tree salesman, for instance, comes awkwardly—but Mr. Bolt is a welcome new dramatist, for he has a very shrewd eye.

This is only the third *Measure for Measure* I have seen since the war, and the reasons are simple. Isabella's obsession with her virtue has a Victorian, more than an Elizabethan ring, and as a social experiment the Duke's delegation of his powers to Angelo is almost forgotten in a mounting clutter of petty deception. No wonder producers fight shy; and it is all the more exciting when one of Margaret Webster's ability gives the play a balance and rhythm in which it becomes, against all the odds, tensely dramatic. Her emphasis is always persuasive for the sake of the story; the adjustments are delicate but potent. As the Duke Anthony Nicholls assumes a commanding dignity which is unpompous, and survives even the more inexplicable tricks; there is a flicker of humour in him which suggests he knows better than we do what he is about. In Angelo's dilemma John Neville discovers a genuine agony of mind. He is not the first puritan, nor the last, to be suddenly tortured by the flesh. And though Isabella has still to put her chastity above her brother's life, Barbara Jefford proves her humanity, as much in her blistering rage against the tyrant as in her acceptance, without false modesty, of the Duke.

Not only are we made to feel and believe, but the comic scenes are funny without being pressed. The insolent gaiety of Derek Godfrey's Lucio, Paul Daneman's cockney Pompey, and Ronald Fraser's quavering constable are all blessedly natural and remote from the music-hall approach to Shakespeare. And Miss Webster can turn to comedy unexpectedly, as in the splendid moment when Mistress Overdone's fury at being bundled off to prison changes in a moment to sociable delight at finding two of her trollops in residence. With Barry Kay's staircase set and sensible fancy dress the whole production fits together most satisfactorily, and makes us eager to see Miss Webster, already well-known in America, tackling one of the bigger plays.

Anthony Drexel Biddle, who died nine years ago, was one of America's most popular eccentrics. He won the amateur heavyweight championship, kept live alligators in his conservatory, ran athletic bible classes, yearned to sing in grand opera and was the despair and hero of his adoring family. His biography was written by his daughter, Cordelia Drexel Biddle, and Kyle Crighton, and out of it Mr. Crighton has made *The Happiest Millionaire*, a piece of domestic



Isabel Cherry—CElia JOHNSON

Cherry—RALPH RICHARDSON

social history in the First War that is too mild and disjointed, in spite of considerable charm. Cordelia, still in her teens, brings home a shy young tobacco magnate, who is immediately knocked out by her prizefighting brother; no sooner has he come to than he upends the Biddle males by judo and is rapturously welcomed to the family. As the wedding approaches Cordelia gets cold feet; and then, among grand manoeuvres by the dynasties of Duke and Biddle, her unconventional papa plays a lone hand in steering her to the altar. The early scenes are fairly funny, for Robert Beatty springs the surprises in Biddle's character with tremendous gusto, and Daniel Massey takes the shy intruder delightfully, but although the play makes a late recovery too much of it ambles amiably. Maureen Swanson is excellent in Cordelia's uncertainties and Gwynne Whitby and Heather Thatcher lead for the warring houses with authority; but good as is much of the acting, it suffers from the lingual absurdity that while Mr. Beatty speaks perfect American, most of the others speak perfect English. Seldom has this convention worn so thin.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Roar Like a Dove (Phoenix—2/10/57), for comedy. *Bells Are Ringing* (Coliseum—20/11/57), for American musical. *At the Drop of a Hat* (Fortune—16/1/57) for witty two-man revue. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Crime in the Streets *The Young Guns*

IN a thin week, one double-feature programme offers some interesting points for discussion. Essentially, the two films have the same theme—juvenile delinquency, if I may use the expression. But their stories, their methods, the audiences they aim at, and their merits are profoundly different, and there are some things to be said about that.

First comes *Crime in the Streets* (Director: Donald Siegel), which is nearly a very good film indeed, and is full of admirable work in every department, notably writing (Reginald Rose), acting, direction, and photography (Sam Leavitt). The ending is too pat and contrived, but most of it is remarkably well done, imaginative, gripping and moving, and the innumerable people who will avoid it once they hear it is about a gang of young toughs in a mean street will miss something worth while. So will the considerable number of people who will be glad of the chance to dismiss it facetiously as yet another mixed-up-kid story.

It is legitimate to complain of repetition of subject and patterns of incident that have become almost clichés, but too many simple minds seem to believe that

this objection damns any film, well made or not. (In fact there are quite a few minds so simple as to be utterly unable to grasp the fact that if two separate film versions were made of exactly the same story, one might be entertaining and the other boring.) To be sure, the central character here is an embittered youth who is anti-social enough to be ready to murder, and the reason turns out to be one of those parents-and-younger-brother situations brooded over since childhood and resolved for the fade-out in a scene too neatly contrived, too obviously dramatic. Nevertheless it is absorbing, because of its good writing, its good acting and the skill that went into it.

John Cassavetes gives the young man an acid power, and the two members of his gang who tremulously agree to help him with his murder (all the others drop out, appalled) are cleverly suggested by Mark Rydell and Sal Mineo; but the most impressive performance is Virginia Gregg's as his sad, tired mother. Her scenes have genuine emotion, and I don't mean merely the one or two outbursts of misery. There is no room to mention all the players who deserve praise. The reliable James Whitmore is honest and unobtrusive as ever, Will Kuluva contributes a touching sketch of a worried father, nearly everybody makes his or her mark. There is also a very strong suspense climax. Flawed as it is, the whole thing is well worth seeing.

The second half of the programme, *The Young Guns* (Director: Albert Band), is essentially a "B" picture and would not in the ordinary way call for comment. It is, of course, a Western, and in most ways a pretty conventional one; what makes it interesting is the candid, calculated, obvious way it is aimed at the "teen-age public." It has everything: it might be a text-book example of its kind.

It shows us a young man (Russ Tamblyn) in Wyoming in 1897, who is the son of a notorious outlaw now dead. Driven out of town by the assumption that he is a chip off the old block, he proceeds to prove it by joining a group of outlaws and bad men, or badmen, who live within hold-up distance in a place called Black Crater (they wouldn't risk "Gulch"). This community is, of course, dominated by a gang of youths, of whom after fighting one or two of them he becomes the leader; but he is good at heart, he intervenes to prevent their killing people after robbing them, and at last he disappears into respectability with the daughter of another dead outlaw.

There is some good and amusing detail (though the old man with his gallery of "Wanted" posters is only a hair's-breadth away from the Goon Show); but the piece has one basic trouble common to all such things. The hero has to be a very young man, for the girls in the audience to sigh over and the youths to



[*Crime in the Streets*
Spirit of Frankie—JOHN CASSAVETES]

identify themselves with, and yet he has to be accepted as the *leader* of a group among whom one can recognize very much stronger personalities who would never accept his leadership whether he beat them in a fight or not. Does the "teen-age public" really not notice this, or fail to be irritated if it does?

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The most notable London films remain as before: *He Who Must Die* (6/11/57), *Porte des Lilas* (13/11/57), and *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (16/10/57), which is just ending. *Time Limit* (20/11/57) is a good, strong, intelligent piece about a military investigation. *Les Girls* (20/11/57) and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57) continue.

Not a striking lot of releases. *The Rising of the Moon* (26/6/57) is a simple, pleasant group of three Irish stories, and *Men in War* (25/9/57) has good points.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Cool for Cats

"SKIFFLE," writes Charles McDevitt, one of our leading groupists, "has caught the imagination of both young and old. Guitars are being sold by the thousand, and when they cannot be bought they are stolen. In Manchester more musical stores have been broken into recently than jewellers . . . Record sales are booming and everyone is happy."

A slight overstatement perhaps. Skiffle is not a very pleasant noise. At its best it has the musical quality of a well-tuned tractor; at its worst it grates like the din of a stick ratcheting endlessly against wrought-iron railings. Skiffle is no use whatever to people brought up on good jazz, and it is disconcerting, to say the least, to find the B.B.C. (only now beginning to recognize the musical value of "mainstream") devoting so much of its space and time to the deadbeat rhythm of skiffle.

I sound like a square, a reactionary? Very well, let me add a few words of praise for the skiffle scufflers. This new scourge or craze (Mr. McDevitt says that it started way back in the early 1920s) is essentially a by-product of the boom in gramophone records, in pops and jazz discs. Young people are not content (thank goodness) to listen passively *ad infinitum*: they want to make their own music. But how? There is no room in most homes for the telly and a piano. Five-finger exercises in the next room play havoc with the rest of the family's reception of "Gun Law," "Dragnet" or "Cool for Cats." So our budding musicians have to resort to simpler



Skifflers

instruments, the one-string bass, the four-string guitar, the washboard and the oil-drum plonker. Do-it-yourself music. Crude, certainly, but music.

The skifflers are young people who have been pitchforked into the crazy post-war world of the H-bomb, intercontinental ballistic missiles, the cold war and the iron curtain. From the horrible nightmare possibilities hinted at daily in the headlines music provides a way of escape, and from the daily round of uncertainty and doubt music with a heavy inevitable beat provides tranquilizing sanctuary. Listen to the refrains of the skifflers, rockers and rollers, and you will realize how deep is their desire for a predictable future. They sing (if that is the word) of to-night and to-morrow—"We're gonna . . ." They're gonna have a swell time, kick the blues, have themselves a party or a ball, dig some fun, rock around the clock,

and so on. Who can blame them?

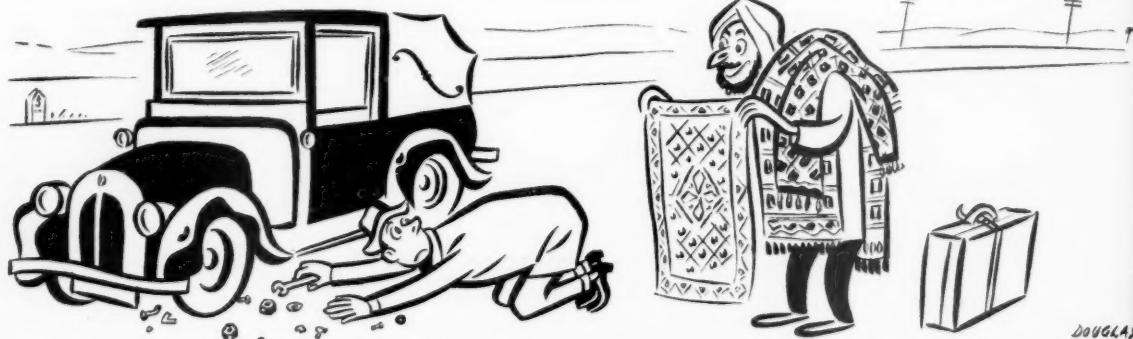
I find myself hoping—it's the old mainstream in me—that many of the skifflers will graduate in time to the delights of real jazz. The fact that on the whole they prefer rhythm to pops encourages me to believe that they will move on eventually to swing, and if they do they should be able to take the B.B.C. with them. Cool, then, for critics.

All this is inspired by long sessions with the Light Programme's Saturday morning "Skiffle Club," TV's "Six Five Special" and "Come Dancing." Introducing the finalists of the World Skiffle Championship Paul Carpenter mentioned that there are now sixty thousand skiffle groups in the country. Placed end

to end they would probably stretch from Jelly Roll Morton to Wee Willy Harris.

The news that Sir Kenneth Clark is to give the cultural side of the I.T.A. a leg up, with programmes devoted to ballet, opera and painting, is very welcome. According to the official hand-out Sir Kenneth is to team up with Val Parnell and will "create, prepare and participate in" items dealing with such matters as "Is Your Cornice Necessary?" "Need We Talk?" "Isn't He Beautiful?" "Is Art Necessary in Public?" and "Is Opera Absurd?" The programme contractors now feel confident, obviously, that viewers will remain in the commercial groove whatever the fare. All the same it will be interesting and instructive to see how advertisers will react to Sir Kenneth's arty, artful blandishments.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



Douglas.

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Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue : Gt. Britain and Eire 2d.; Canada 1d.* Elsewhere Overseas 9d.† Marq. Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" †Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES : (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage). Great Britain and Eire £2.16.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) £2.10.0 (\$1.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$3.00). U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order. For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to PUNCH, 10 Bouvier Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.

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